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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra,laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet---"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

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THE KENT NEWS.

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EDWARD MANSFIELD,

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POETRY.

There is a Land of Light and Gladness.

AIR:—*Old Folks at Home.*

There is a land of light and gladness,
Far, far away;
Where free from sin, and pain and sadness,
Dawns an eternal day;
All up and down a world of sorrow
Sadly I roam,
Still looking for the bright to-morrow,
And for my heavenly home.
CHORUS—All the world seems sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam;
With watching have my eyes grown weary,
Looking for my heavenly home.

Ther eby the ever flowing river,
Far, far away,
Our loved and dead ones rest forever
In an eternal day;
Why at the graves should I be weeping?
Why do I roam?
Though in the cold earth they are sleeping,
Their's is a heavenly home.
All the world, &c.

Young pilgrim to that land of brightness,
Far, far away,
I need not wander on in sadness,
Nor need my footsteps stray;
Jesus, thy word shall safely guide me,
Where'er I roam,
Till I shall cast my crown before thee,
In my eternal home.
All above is bright and cheering,
Happy I roam!
And angel voices now are calling
To my eternal home.

POPULAR NOUVELETTE

THE PEDLER.

THE SEQUEL TO THE MOB CAP.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

CLARA STANLEY, at the time of her brother's marriage with Mrs. Clifton, believed herself to be the happiest of human beings. The first wish of her heart was gratified, and she did not think it possible that a more ardent one could quicken its pulsations. She loved Edward as a most affectionate and tender brother; she admired him, too, as the most handsome and graceful of men, and her pride as well as her affection exulted in his union with the admired and fascinating widow. But after the excitement attending the event had subsided, she wondered at the dejection that weighed down her spirits. She felt that there was a love dearer than that of a sisters now gladdening his life, and that she must henceforth be satisfied with a secondary place in his affections. She had no other brother, no sister to supply his place as a companion, and poor Clara was often left to feel a dearth of which she had never dreamed before. There was something, too, in the impassioned character of Gertrude (for thus by her Christian name we will designate our former friend of the Mob Cap) that threw a kind of romance over every scene in which she moved, and Clara, communing with her own heart, would sometimes ask herself if she had the same deep capabilities of loving, or if the being existed, though unseen, who could call them into existence.

An event soon occurred that gave a new colour to her dreams. She was sitting at an open window, intently reading, when the unfolding of the gate attracted her attention. She started as if she had seen a monster, for she knew at the first glance that it was a pedler who was coming in, and the sight of one filled her with horror. To make the sudden appearance more terrific, he carried in his hand a red morocco trunk almost exactly like the one she had so shamefully bartered and unexpectedly recovered.

"Oh, mother, dea mother!" exclaimed she, starting up in dismay, 'do not let him come in; I cannot bear the sight of him. Tell him we do not want any jewels. I hate—I detest the whole tribe of pedlers. I wish———."

A look from her mother checked her rash speech.

"Rather blame yourself, Clara," said Mrs. Stanley, "for a folly for which I never would again upbraid you, if the remembrance of it did not make you unreasonable and unjust to others. I do not wish you to purchase jewels, but you must not be harsh in your refusal.'

"I know I am wrong," answered Clara, ingenuously; but you know not the agonies of remorse the sight of that man calls to my recollection."

In the mean while the pedler knocked, and was admitted by Mrs. Stanley, with her usual gentle courtesy. He was a young man of quite a genteel appearance, and his long dark hair shading his forehead with its shining masses, his exceedingly dark complexion, and dark piercing eyes, reminded Clara, whose imagination was ever on the wing in search of romantic resemblances of the Gypsy race. He placed his trunk on the floor, and kneeling on one knee, opened it without speaking.

"Do not trouble yourself," said Clara, with a nervous shudder, as the opening lid displayed the glitter of the jewels; "we do not wish to purchase any thing."

"Allow me to show them to you," said he, with that officious politeness peculiar to his profession, you may be tempted to change your resolution."

"No, no," answered Clara, 'I have made a vow never to wear another jewel."

"Not even a ring?" said he, with a smile, which she thought very bold and sarcastic: and determined to repel his assurance, she took up the book which she was reading, appeared to be absorbed by its contents. But the persevering pedler was not so easily repulsed.

"Will you not look at this beautiful chain?" said he, holding one up so near her eyes that she could not but perceive the dazzle of the links.

"Surely," thought Clara, "he must be my evil genius, sent to torment me before my time, for my post offence."

She put the chain back with an impatient gesture, and an appealing look to her mother to rid her of his impertinnity.

"My daughter has not the wish, nor I the means, to purchase your ornament," said Mrs. Stanley mildly, but gravely; "you will probably find other in the neighbourhood, who have both."

The young pedler reluctantly closed his trunk and took up his hat, which he had thrown at Clara's feet as he knelt, and thus given the opportunity of seeing the name of Rover written on the lining. He observed the direction of her eyes, and said, as he swung the hat carelessly in his hand,

"A very appropriate name, Miss, for one of my profession. I believe it was what made me first think of becoming a pedler; and, as I am naturally indolent and fond of variety, I find my roving life vastly agreeable at times."

'You are certainly vastly impertinent," thought Clara, as he retreated with a really graceful bow and a bold gaze of admiration, which displeased Mrs. Stanley very much, and made her close the door quickly after him, though it was a warm summer day.

"I do not like that man at all, Clara," said she, after he was gone; "he is very assuming, and though I reproved you for your vehemence, when he first made his appearance, I cannot but agree with you in thinking that pedlers are any thing but a respectable class of people. A young, handsome, and apparently intelligent man, like him, to be wasting his time in such an idle, inglorious profession. You were right in checking his presumption as you did."

The next day Clara was searching her work-basket for some stray articles of sewing, when her eyes fell on a small packet, folded up in muslin paper.

"I do not remember what I have folded so carefully in this envelope," said she said she, as she loosed the covering, and a beautiful diamond ring, set in pearl, dropped into her lap. Clara was lost in astonishment, and examined it again and again, almost believing it an optical illusion. "How could it get here?" asked she aloud; but she was alone, and all the answer she could obtain was from her own thoughts. "The pedler? yes, it must have been the pedler!" She remembered that he had taken out some of his jewels, and placed them on the table, and that when he put them back, she had heard some paper rustling in his hands. This could not have been the result of accident,—it must have been a bold design,—and Clara blushed as if she had been detected in the act of stealing; recalling his long, lingering gaze of admiration, and the bright, dark eyes which, in spite of herself, had rivited that gaze on her memory.

She could not return the ring—she could not keep it; what should she do? She put it on her finger, turned it in the sunbeams, and admired its shifting lustre, and delicate setting. That it was intended as a token of the admiration his looks so evidently expressed, she could not doubt; and, though she knew she ought to be indignant at the presumption of the act, a throb of gratified vanity fluttered in her heart.

The sound of approaching footsteps induced her to restore the ring to the envelope, and when her mother entered she was busily searching her work-box for her thimble and scissors, and looking in every direction to avoid the glance that might notice the confusion of her own. Shame prevented her from mentioning the circumstance to her mother,—besides she did not wish to expose the young pedler to her resentment for his secret homage

"I wonder what I have done with my ring?" said she, stooping down that her heightened color might seem the result of the attitude

"Your ring!" repeated Mrs. Stanley—"what ring?"

"Oh! I did not mean ring," cried Clara, hastily, "I meant my thimble. But it is too warm to be confined to the needle within doors. I scarcely ever think of walking now,—Edward is not with me."

"It is true, dear Clara," answered Mrs Stanley, "you must feel the want of exercise. But you should not linger at home, for want of your brother; for you must learn to be more independent of him now. The paths are all familiar to you and in our quiet village you can never be in danger."

Clara felt as if she could bless her mother, for thus giving her a *carte-blanche* to ramble about by herself, and just now she wanted to think her own thoughts, and her own thoughts were never half so delightful as when she could look up to the blue sky, stretching far around her, and the green earth beneath her, the lulling sound of waters in her ear, and the fragrant breathings of the zephyrs on her brow.

'I will first go to Gertrude," said she to herself, "and, if I find her alone, I will tell her about the ring, and ask her what I must do."

"Gertrude met her at the entrance of the avenue, with one of her most brilliant smiles.

"You are the very person I most wished to see," said she. "I have just received a letter from that chivalric cousin of mine, Washington Graham, of whom you have more than once heard me speak. He is actually wending his way hither, so much charmed is he by the descript on I have given him of a certain rural maiden, whom perchance you know. Hear what he says himself, Clara"

Clara blushed, while Gertrude opened the letter and read here and there a paragraph:—

"A cheek to blush, an eye to weep, a heart to feel, and a mind to kindle—these are charms that exercise an almost omnipotent sway over my wayward spirit * * Simplicity and sensibility constitute what is most lovely in woman. When these are conbined, as they seem to be in this charming new sister of yours, I feel as if I could make a pilgrimage to her shrine, and glory in surrendering a liberty of which so many have vainly attempted to deprive me."

Oh! how could you be so unjust to yourself and me?" exclaimed Clara, ready to cry with unaffected vexation. "You know I am the veriest rustic in the world. Even in Edward's company I fear to disgrace him, and how must I appear in a stranger's eyes? I would not meet him for the universe after such a———"

Clara hesitated. She did not like to accuse Gertrude of falsehood, especially when too partial kindness had dictated the act. Gertrude passed her hand over Clara's throbbing neck, and looked smilingly into her downcast eyes.

"The sister of Edward Stanley need not blush in the presence of any gentleman of the land,—never at least for her own sake—and do not destroy the fair web of romance I am weaving for you, by false pride or false shame. This cousin of mine is doomed to be the hero of your destiny, graced as he is with every quality to win and wear a maiden's heart. Since I have robbed you of a brother, dear Clara, it is no more than fair that I should give you lover in return."

In vain Clara protested and declared she never thought of a lover, never wished for one, and entreated her never to mention the subject; she could never hear the name of Wasnington Graham, without feeling her cheeks dyed with conscious blushes.

"I dare not speak of the ring, thought she, 'to Gertrude now. If she has such magnificent views for me, she will doubtless be displeased at the presumption of the gift."

With her thoughts strangely confused between Washington Graham and the pedler, she turned toward the woodland, and continued her walk alone. There was one favourite spot where the turf seemed greener, the sky bluer, and the trees bent their branches more lovingly towards those who sought the shadow of their leaves than any other, and thither Clara directed her steps. She had concealed the ring in her bosom, resolving to inquire at the earliest opportunity, the route the pedler had taken; but the opportunity was much nearer than she imagined, for when she reached her favourite resting place, there the identical young gentleman was reclining, leaning on his red morocco trunk, his hat lying on the grass, and a poetical looking book in his hand.

Clara started back in alarm and shame, at thus suddenly finding herself alone with one, whose presumption the restraining presence of her mother had failed to check The young man sprang upon his feet, but his manner, instead of being bold and careless, was modest and respectful.

"Pardon me," said he, "if I have intruded upon a spot; which, perhaps, is by right appropriated to yourself. If so, forgive the sympathy which drew me hither."

Clara's alarm subsided at the deference of his address, but her embarrassment remained.

"I have no right here, sir," replied she, "beyond your own. But since I meet you so unexpectedly, I would wish"——Here Clara stammered; for in restoring the ring, she knew not how to avoid wounding his feelings, without compromising her own dignity. She drew forth the paper, which she had concealed in the foldings of her dress, and handing it toward him, with a look which she intended to be cold and severe, added, "this ring which I found on my table, I believe must be your property. I was wishing for an opportunity to return it, as it appears to be of value."

"Do you then scorn my offering?" said he, drawing back with an air of deep mortification; "was I too presumptuous, in daring to leave this little token of the admiration with which you had inspired me? I know my situation is lowly and those who look upon wealth and station as what constitute the man, may regard me with contempt; but there is something in your countenance that encouraged me to think you were above the false prejudices of the world. No! madam, I cannot take back the gift, worthless henceforth, if refused by you. It shall never encircle another's finger; but lie in the grass beneath our feet, to mingle its pearls with the dews of the night."

Poor Clara! assailed by flattery, breathed in practical high-flown language such as she had read in books, but never expected to hear addressed to herself—delighted, in the midst of her confusion, at meeting with so romantic an incident in her hitherto uneventful life—she could not repulse with harshness her humble admirer.

"It is not from scorn that I refused your gift," answered she; 'but you must be conscious of the extreme impropriety of my permitting such freedom in a stranger. Your conduct is very strange, sir—very unauthorized."

"Is it strange," said Rover, without seeming disconcerted by her rebuke, 'to admire what is beautiful, or unauthorized to wish it our own?—In my somewhat idle and wandering life, I have had leisure to cultivate the taste and imagination nature has given me, and I think I can say, mine is no vulgar stamp. Books are my constant companions, poetry my passion, and nature my study and delight. I am sure I speak what is true, and your own heart can bear witness to it—there is something congenial to your own character in mine. Two kindred souls can read each other at a glance, while discordant spirits may remain strangers for years."

He accompanied these words by a glance such as Clara never met before, and it made her heart throb, and her cheek kindle. There was a glow, too, mantling his own dark cheek, an eloquent commentary on the warmth of his language. She cast down her eyes, and they rested on the hateful trunk—the badge of the pedler—and her mind all at once took in the rediculous position in which she was placed. A pedler for her lover! A stranger whom she had never seen but once before, and then her mother, gentle as she was, had shut the door in his face, incensed at his familiarity. Then the vision of the proud Washington Graham, such as Gertrude had depicted, came in dazzling contrast, to increase her mortification. These thoughts so chilling to romance, gave her sufficient composure to speak, and resolution enough to speak as she thought.

"I cannot forgive myself for continuing this conversation so long. I feel more and more sensible of its impropriety. Since you leave me no other alternative, you force me to lay your treasure where the dews of night will indeed deface its lustre."

She said this in answer to a deprecating motion of his hand, as she again extended the ring, and dropping it on the grass she turned to depart, glorying in the conquest she had made over the weakness and vanity which tempted her to linger and accept an incense as novel as it was pleasing. Rover crushed the ring under his feet, and his eye flashed scornfully.

"I see I am mistaken. Every woman is a slave to opinion, and fears to follow the dictates of her own heart. A fine coat and a fine equipage are the only passports to her favour, and provided the world approve her choice, it matters not whether she is tortured by unkindness or frozen by indifference."

Clara stopped, for her spirits were roused, and she forgot her timidity, that she might vindicate herself from such an assertion.

"Whatever claims you may offer as an individual," said she, "to confidence and respect, you must be conscious you have chosen a profession that precludes you, by its itinerant habits, from the society in which we mingle. I am indeed astonished that you are willing to pursue it, ignoble as it is deemed."

"If I should tell you the history of my life," he answered, more calmly, "you would find, perhaps, that I had been a rebellious youth, too proud to labour, too independent to solicit favour, who wanted to see a little of the world, and thought it just as honest and respectable to walk through it with a pedler's trunk and a clear conscience as to wear a lawyer's gown or carry a doctor's lance. But," added he, dismissing his sarcastic tone for one of deep feeling, "if you dislike me because the world dubs me *pedler*, I will be any thing and every thing you please, if I may be animated with the hope of one day winning your affections. Yet the love that is capable of defying any reproach, and encountering any obstacle that can trample pride and vanity, and the world itself, under its feet, is the only love that can satisfy the boundless wishes of my heart. If I cannot with this, I will continue a wanderer through life, dealing in tinsel and gewgaws, rejoicing the while in my own independence."

It was impossible for the imaginative and inexperienced Clara, to listen to these high-wrought sentiments, so exactly corresponding to her own, without being moved. She could not disdain one who laughed to scorn the distinctions of society, and who, proud of his inborn wealth, asserted his claims to regard as one of nature's aristocrats. In vain she sought to leave him, till she had admitted the possibility that he might see her again, and had promised that the dread of meeting him should not banish her entirely from her wonted walks.

When alone once more, she wept at her imprudence, and would have given worlds to live over again the last hour, that she might recall the faint encouragement she had given. She knew she was wrong in concealing the circumstance from her mother and brother; but she tried to pursuade herself that he would soon leave the neighbourhood, and forgot his foolish admiration of herself; so there could be no necessity of revealing what would only expose him to their resentment. She avoided, after this, the place where she had met him; but there were other shaded walks, and her mother told her that her health would suffer for want of exercise. It would be impossible to live within doors all the time in warm summer weather, and it is not strange that she again encountered the persevering pedler, or that the dread and the shame that at first oppressed her, gradually melted away in the fascination of their romantic and untold meetings. Each time she said to herself,—"It shall be the last;" but faint and wavering are the resolutions of youth, opposed to the growing influence of the strongest passion of the heart. He no longer carried the odious red trunk, and she tried to forget that she had ever seen it. When with him, it was an easy task listening to such language, and looked upon by such eyes, soft, yet bright, so luminously dark!—Even the gypsy hue of his complexion, gave him a wild charm in her eyes, harmonising, as it did, with his wandering habits and eccentric character.

As Clara was walking, lost in these dangerous reveries, hesitating whether she should proceed where she was almost sure of meeting one who seemed like an invisible being to watch her footsteps, and know whither they were bound, or to remain nearer the guardian boundary of home, she was startled by the sound of horses' feet behind her, and it forcibly reminded her of her brother's first meeting with Mrs. Clifton, for it was precisely the same path, and likewise near the sunset hour of day. She turned her head involuntarily, as the sound came near, and drew as far back as the width of the path would allow, to permit the stranger and his attendant to pass by. She did this with a quickened pulse, for something told her it must be Washington Graham. At any rate, he was no vulgar rider—for he was mounted on a coal-black horse, splendidly caparisoned, and attended by a negro, who rode one of the same raven colour, whose blackness was contrasted by a scarlet saddle-cloth, that almost swept the ground. Clara was so dazzled by the magnificence of their appearance, and was so confused by the thought, that it was the hero appropriated to herself, by the splendid imagination of Gertrude, she could not clearly discern the gentleman's features, though he raised his hat as he passed, with a graceful bow, and slackened his pace till he disappeared in the direction of the white house on the hill.

"What a singular coincidence!" said Clara to herself. "Just on this spot did Edward first behold Mrs. Clifton, on horseback, too, and that glance decided his destiny!" The ardent glance of Rover flashed through her memory, and, conscious of the struggle of vanity and feeling in the heart, she believed herself unworthy of the homage it expressed.

"What can he ever be to me, this proud southern stranger," she added, "who comes among us like an eastern nabob?—and yet I shall be to him an object of ridicule and disgust, after Gertrude's glowing description. Had he never heard my name, I might escape his notice, but now it is certainly impossible."

While her mind was wrought up to a state of feverish excitement by the anticipated meeting with the dreaded stranger, her eyes were fixed on the windows of her brother's dwelling, illuminated as they now were by the setting sunbeams, and she could see the dark outlines of the two riders defined upon them; then she knew that her conjecture was right. Most willingly would she have sought some covert in the woods, and fed on berries and herbs for weeks to come, to avoid the mortification she believed was in store for her;—but she fortunately remembered she had a mother, who was probably even now waiting her return with anxiety, for the soft gray of twilight was beginning to steal over sunset's golden tints.

The next day she received a summons from Gertrude, telling her there was to be a general gathering of friends to welcome the arrival of her cousin, who was all impatience to behold the fair rustic whose image was already drawn on his fancy in such attractive colours. This message renewed the trepidation of Clara to such a degree, that she was tempted to plead a nervous headache, as an excuse from attendance. One moment she was ready to sink at the thought of her being contemned and despised—the next the *possibility* that Washington Graham, lordly as he seemed, might cast a favourite glance upon her, unpretending as she was, filled her with dread. If so, what would become of poor Rover? And what would Gertrude think, if she turned coldly away from the attentions of her gifted cousin? When arraying herself for the occasion, she tried to school herself into perfect indifference with regard to her appearance; but in vain.—She repeated to herself a hundred times, it was no matter how she looked She could not obtain the stranger's admiration, if she would—she would not, if she could—still she lingered before the mirror, thinking it had never reflected a less pleasing image.—She was entirely divested of ornaments, for she had not forgotten the bitter lesson taught by the tinsel chain; "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which seeks no praise or favour, for any outward gifts, Clara had not yet gained. The same vanity that led her to barter her self approbation for a paltry bauble, now caused her to tremble, in anticipation of a stranger's scrutiny.—She thought it humility, and would have wept at the suggestion, that one trace of the foible that had lately cost her so dear was still lingering in her heart. The green branches were lopped off, but the roots still clung to the parent, and when circumstances favoured their growth, were ready to shoot forth with new luxuriance.

When Clara found herself in the illuminated drawing-room, she saw nothing, for a few moments, but bright spectres floating before her eyes, and heard nothing but a ringing sound in her ears—loud as the echoes of a tolling bell.—She had a kind of consciousness that she was going through the ceremony of introduction to a gentleman; but how he looked and what he said, she knew not.—He might have been the veiled prophet Mohanna, for ought she knew of his face, for she never lifted her eyes from the carpet, but stood clinging to her brother's arm: her cheeks burning with blushes, indeed her whole face, and even her neck was covered with the same crimson hue. Clara knew that the deep suffusion she was undergoing was any thing but becoming, and this conviction only added to the intensity of the glow. The idea that she was actually in the presence of the formidable Washington Graham, the prophesied hero of her destiny, was too overwhelming. He addressed her in the common language of courtesy, but she could only answer in monosyllables, and whispering to her brother to lead her to a window, he drew her away, pitying her confusion, yet vexed at her unwanted awkwardness and taciturnity.

"Leave me here," said she to Gertrude, who followed her to her retreat, "there are so many people in the centre of the room, that I cannot breathe."

(*Concluded next week.*)